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CAPTAIN AMERICA
AND
THE FALCON
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THEY HUNT THE MOST DANGEROUS PREY OF ALL-- A SUPERHERO!
"THE TIGER AND THE SWINE!"

1941! The world at *war!* And in a secret laboratory, frail *Steve Rogers* became the American *super-soldier!* For four thrilling years, he fought the Axis powers—until a freak stroke of fate threw him into *suspended animation.* He woke in the mid-1960s, a man *twenty years out of his time.* Since that fateful day, Steve Rogers has sought his *destiny* in this brave new world.

Stan Lee PRESENTS: CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON™

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SUPER-VILLAINS ARE NOT ALWAYS SPECTACULAR IN APPEARANCE, NOR ARE THEY ALWAYS MEN WITH DREAMS OF COSMIC EVIL. SOMETIMES THEY ARE CONTENT WITH LESSER SPOILS, AND WIELD THAT POWER THEY POSSESS TO SATISFY MORE PERSONAL DEMONS. AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, THE TIME SEEMS RIPE TO MATCH CAPTAIN AMERICA, SUPER ACTIVIST IN THE BATTLE FOR HUMAN FREEDOM, AGAINST HECTOR SANTIAGO, WHO BREAKS MEN'S SPIRITS!!

READ IT NOW!! THE TIGER AND THE SWINE!!

THE TRANQUILIZING GAS HAS TAKEN THE FIGHT OUT OF OUR CAPTIVE!! HE RESTS AS PEACEFUL AS A KITTEN!!
WE SHOULD REACH THE PRISON AT RIO DE MUERTE BEFORE HE REGAINS HIS SENSES!!
THIS WILL BE A PRISONER THAT HECTOR SANTIAGO WILL TAKE APART WITH MUCHO GUSTO!

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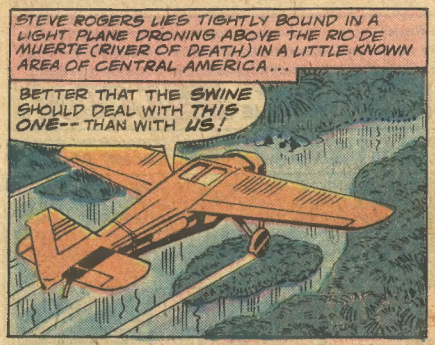
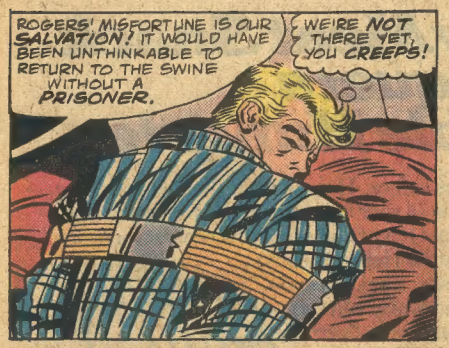
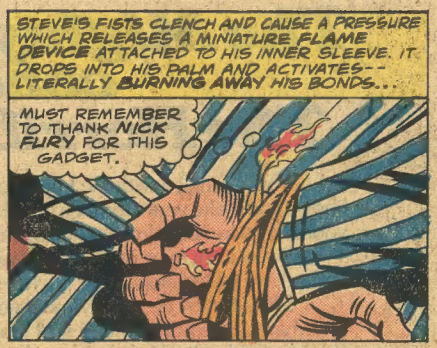
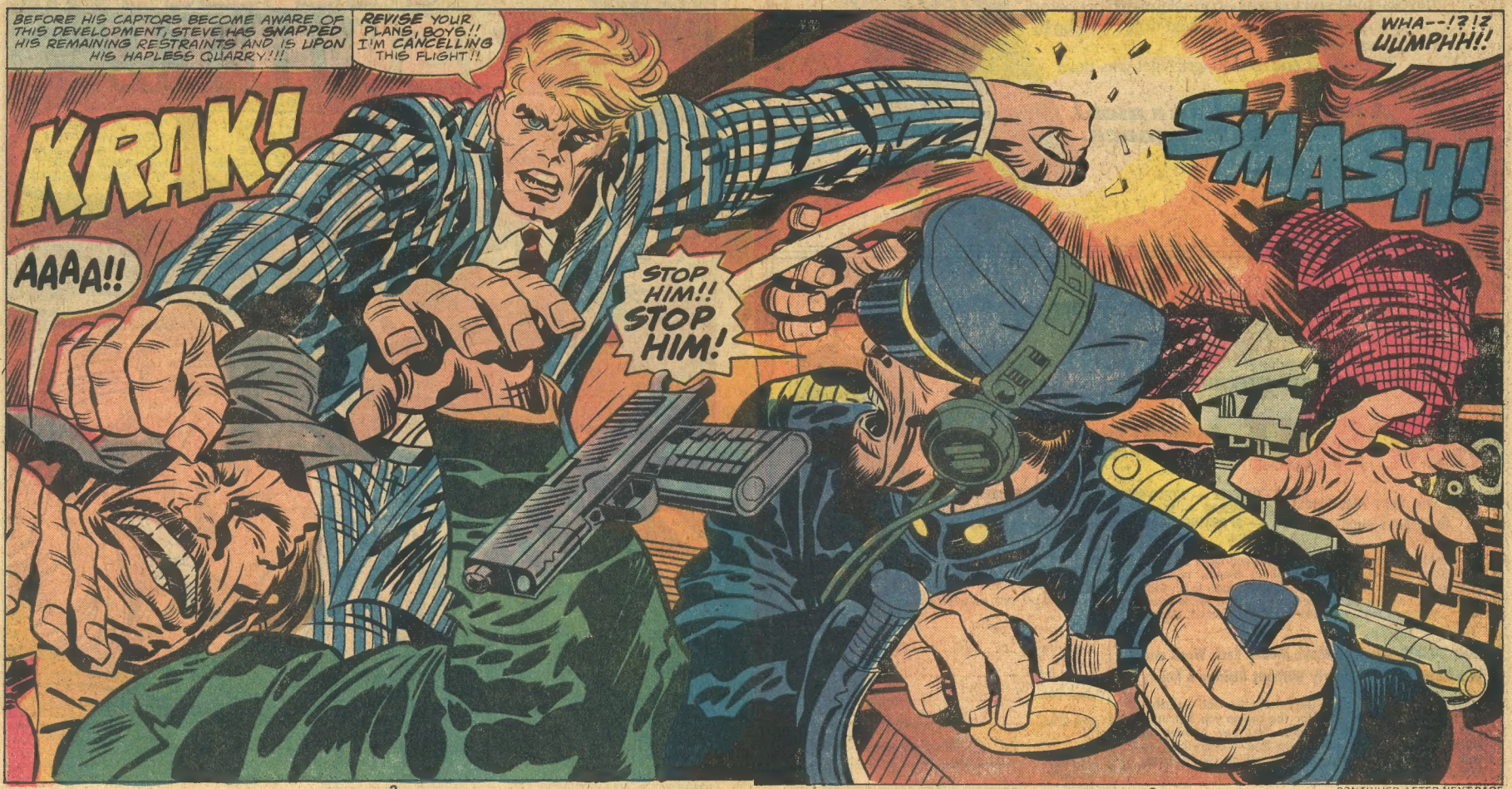

STEVE ROGERS LIES TIGHTLY BOUND IN A LIGHT PLANE DRONING ABOVE THE RIO DE MUERTE (RIVER OF DEATH) IN A LITTLE KNOWN AREA OF CENTRAL AMERICA...
BETTER THAT THE SWINE SHOULD DEAL WITH THIS ONE-- THAN WITH US!

HECTOR SANTIAGO DIDN'T EARN THAT NAME WITHOUT DEMONSTRATING HIS TALENT FOR TORTURE!! WE ARE FORTUNATE TO HAVE CAPTURED ROGERS!
THE FOOL! IF HE HADN'T INTERFERED WITH OUR ATTEMPT TO ARREST AN ESCAPEE FROM THE PRISON, HE WOULDN'T BE HERE!


ROGERS' MISFORTUNE IS OUR SALVATION! IT WOULD HAVE BEEN UNTHINKABLE TO RETURN TO THE SWINE WITHOUT A PRISONER.
WE'RE NOT THERE YET, YOU CREEPS!


STEVE'S FISTS CLENCH AND CAUSE A PRESSURE WHICH RELEASES A MINIATURE FLAME DEVICE ATTACHED TO HIS INNER SLEEVE. IT DROPS INTO HIS PALM AND ACTIVATES-- LITERALLY BURNING AWAY HIS BONDS...
MUST REMEMBER TO THANK NICK FURY FOR THIS GADGET.


BEFORE HIS CAPTORS BECOME AWARE OF THIS DEVELOPMENT, STEVE HAS SNAPPED HIS REMAINING RESTRAINTS AND IS UPON HIS HAPLESS QUARRY!!!
REVISE YOUR PLANS, BOYS!! I'M CANCELLING THIS FLIGHT!!
KRAK!
AAAA!!
STOP HIM!! STOP HIM!
WHA--!?!?
UUMPHH!!
SMASH!

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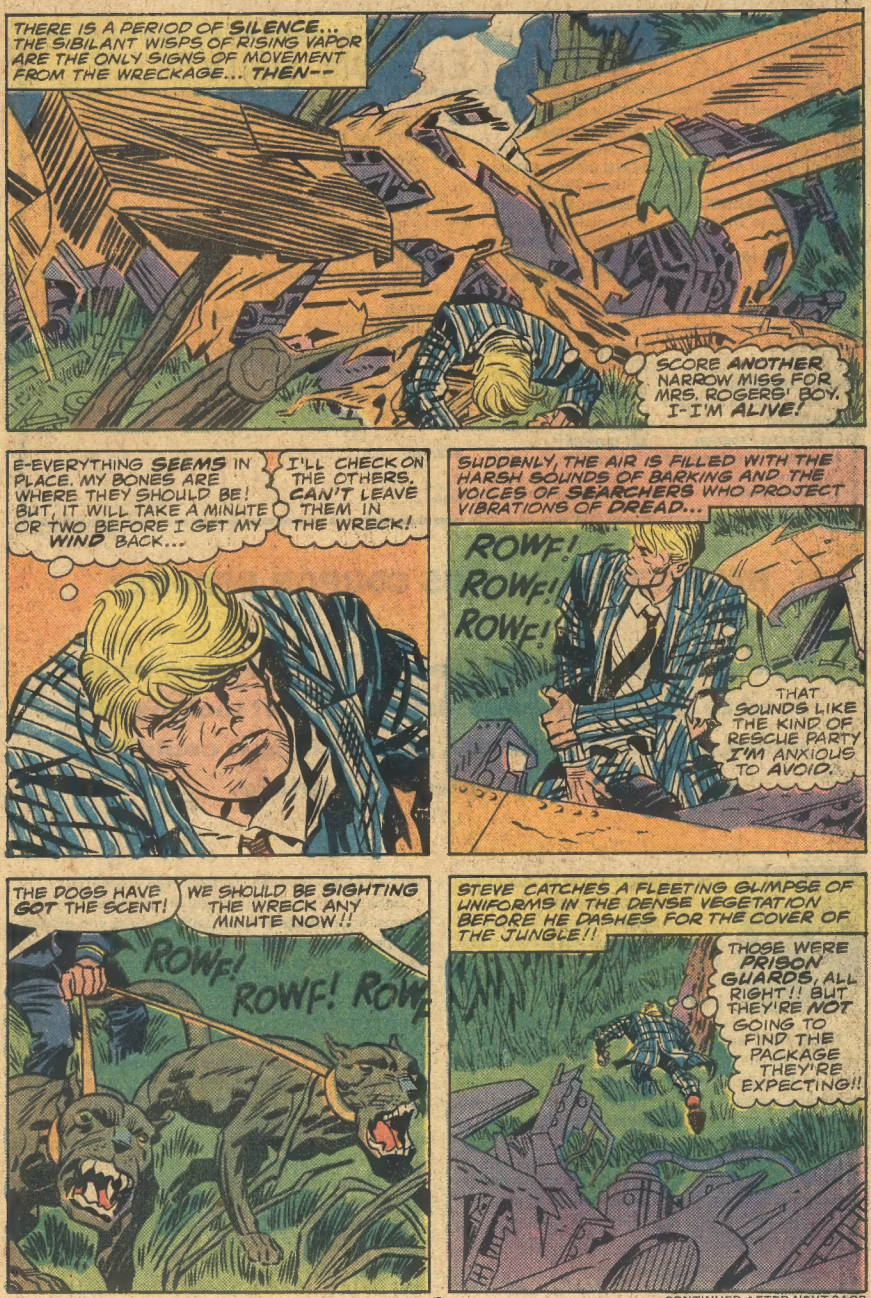
STEVE QUICKLY DISABLES HIS SURPRISED GUARDS AND SEIZES THE PILOT IN A STEEL GRIP...
YOU TURN THIS CRATE AROUND--AND I'LL THINK ABOUT RELAXING THIS HOLD!
NOW, USE WHAT FUEL YOU'VE GOT LEFT TO GET US BACK TO THE BORDER!!
I--I CAN'T! I CA--!
YOU'LL DO AS I TELL YOU, MISTER!! OR I'LL COOL YOU OFF AND TAKE THE CONTROLS MYSELF!!
Y-YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I-IF WE DON'T DELIVER YOU TO THE SWINE--HE WILL TAKE OUR HEADS!!
AT THAT MOMENT, ONE OF THE GUARDS RECOVERS AND RETRIEVES HIS WEAPON...
IF WE CAN'T BRING YOU IN ALIVE--YOUR CORPSE WILL DO AS WELL!!
POW!
UGH--!
H-HE SHOT THE PILOT!
THE STRICKEN PILOT SLUMPS ACROSS THE CONTROLS AND SENDS THE PLANE INTO A VIOLENT SPIN TOWARD THE JUNGLE BELOW!
WE'RE GOING DOWN! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!!
I CAN'T GET TO THE CONTROLS! THE PILOT'S BODY IS JAMMING THEM!
WHAT HAPPENS NEXT IS INEVITABLE! THE PLANE HURTLES INTO THE MASS OF GREENERY, AMID SHATTERING ECHOES THAT ARE SOON SMOTHERED BY THE JUNGLE...
WAAMM!!


THERE IS A PERIOD OF SILENCE... THE SIBILANT WISPS OF RISING VAPOR ARE THE ONLY SIGNS OF MOVEMENT FROM THE WRECKAGE... THEN--
SCORE ANOTHER NARROW MISS FOR MRS. ROGERS' BOY. I-I'M ALIVE!
E-EVERYTHING SEEMS IN PLACE. MY BONES ARE WHERE THEY SHOULD BE! BUT, IT WILL TAKE A MINUTE OR TWO BEFORE I GET MY WIND BACK...
I'LL CHECK ON THE OTHERS. CAN'T LEAVE THEM IN THE WRECK!
SUDDENLY, THE AIR IS FILLED WITH THE HARSH SOUNDS OF BARKING AND THE VOICES OF SEARCHERS WHO PROJECT VIBRATIONS OF DREAD...
ROWF! ROWF! ROWF!
THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE KIND OF RESCUE PARTY I'M ANXIOUS TO AVOID.
THE DOGS HAVE GOT THE SCENT!
WE SHOULD BE SIGHTING THE WRECK ANY MINUTE NOW!!
ROWF! ROWF! ROW
STEVE CATCHES A FLEETING GLIMPSE OF UNIFORMS IN THE DENSE VEGETATION BEFORE HE DASHES FOR THE COVER OF THE JUNGLE!!
THOSE WERE PRISON GUARDS, ALL RIGHT!! BUT THEY'RE NOT GOING TO FIND THE PACKAGE THEY'RE EXPECTING!!

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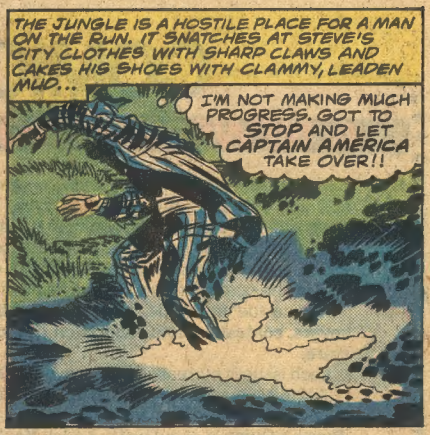
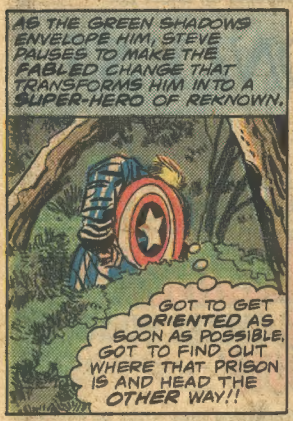
STEVE ROGERS HAD BETTER MAKE A QUICK EXIT AND YIELD TO SOMEONE WHO CAN HANDLE THIS CRISIS IN THE RIGHT MANNER.

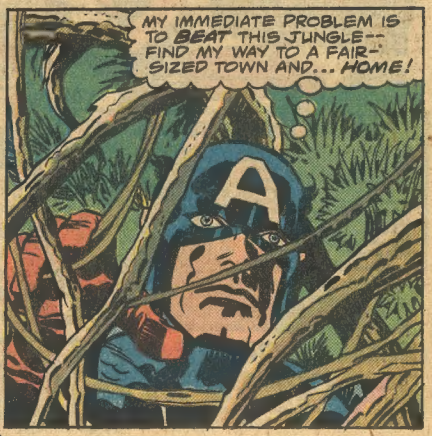

THE JUNGLE IS A HOSTILE PLACE FOR A MAN ON THE RUN. IT SNATCHES AT STEVE'S CITY CLOTHES WITH SHARP CLAWS AND CAKES HIS SHOES WITH CLAMMY, LEADEN MUD..
I'M NOT MAKING MUCH PROGRESS. GOT TO STOP AND LET CAPTAIN AMERICA TAKE OVER!!


AS THE GREEN SHADOWS ENVELOPE HIM, STEVE PAUSES TO MAKE THE FABLED CHANGE THAT TRANSFORMS HIM INTO A SUPER-HERO OF RENOWN.
GOT TO GET ORIENTED AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE THAT PRISON IS AND HEAD THE OTHER WAY!!

WHOEVER RUNS THAT BANANA JAIL SEEMS TO GET HIS KICKS OUT OF KICKING THE INMATES!

THIS MAN THEY CALL "THE SWINE" MUST BE TYPICAL OF THE KIND OF BULLY THAT FLOURISHES IN THESE TWO-BIT DICTATORSHIPS.

BUT, THIS IS NOT MY COUNTRY AND NOT MY PLACE TO FIGHT FOR CAUSES I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT.


MY IMMEDIATE PROBLEM IS TO BEAT THIS JUNGLE-- FIND MY WAY TO A FAIR-SIZED TOWN AND... HOME!

HOME IS WHERE SHARON IS-- WHERE FRIENDS LIKE SAM WILSON AND LEILA PITCH IN TO HELP WHEN TROUBLE STRIKES...
GAS! I--I SMELL-- GAS!
SHE'S COMING OUT OF IT, SAM. HERE, TAKE THIS, HONEY!
SHARON'S RIGHT ABOUT THE GAS. THERE ARE STILL TRACES OF IT IN THE APARTMENT.
WHAT IN BLAZES HAPPENED HERE?!
THERE'S NO SIGN OF A BREAK-IN-- NOTHING OF VALUE HAS BEEN TOUCHED
AND WHERE IS STEVE ROGERS? I'VE TRIED PHONING HIM WITHOUT SUCCESS! HE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THIS!!
IT'S THE GAS THAT BOTHERS ME. IT'S GOT A SORT OF ETHER SCENT!
I-IT COULD BE A TRANQUILIZING GAS!
I-IT MUST HAVE BEEN VERY STRONG. SHARON CAN'T SEEM TO SHAKE IT OFF!
TRANQUILIZING GAS!! THERE'S ONLY ONE GOOD REASON FOR USING TRANQUILIZING GAS!! ESPECIALLY IF YOUR TARGET IS A ROUGH AND READY DUDE LIKE--
SAM! DO YOU MEAN THAT STEVE ROGERS WAS HERE WHEN THIS HAPPENED?
IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE ANY OTHER WAY!! WHOEVER SPREAD THIS GAS WANTED TO TAKE STEVE WITH THE LEAST POSSIBLE DIFFICULTY!!
THAT'S WHY STEVE DOESN'T ANSWER MY CALLS! HE'S MISSING! HE'S BEEN KIDNAPPED!!

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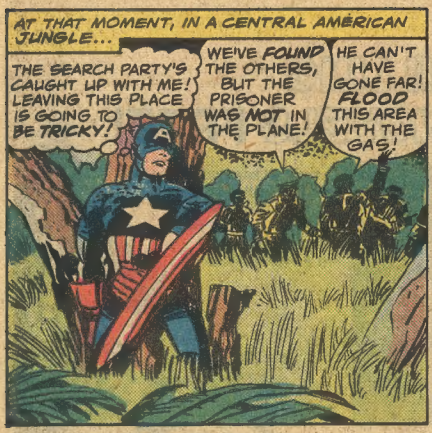
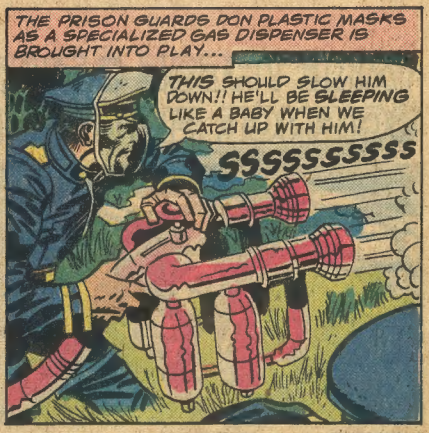
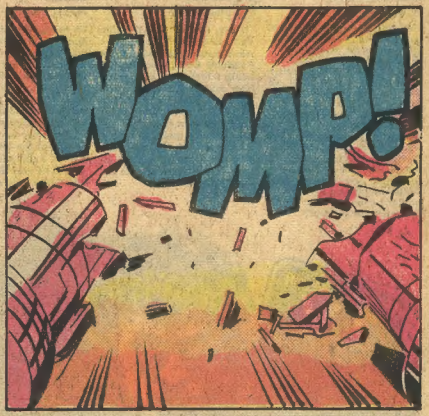
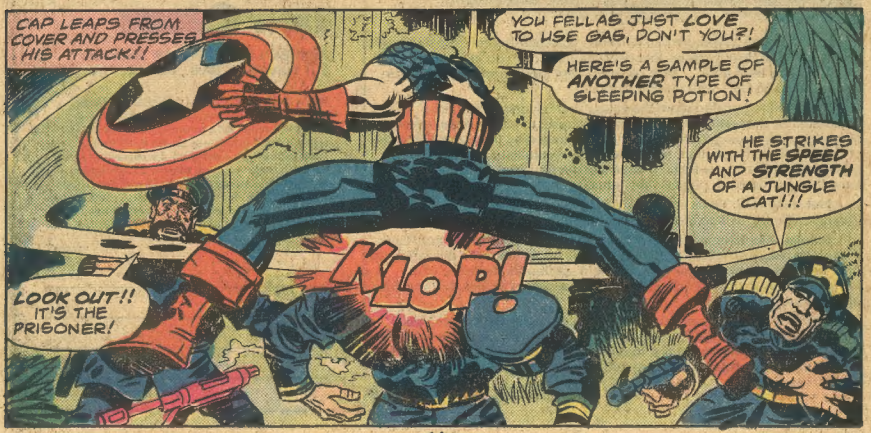

AT THAT MOMENT, IN A CENTRAL AMERICAN JUNGLE...
THE SEARCH PARTY'S CAUGHT UP WITH ME! LEAVING THIS PLACE IS GOING TO BE TRICKY!
WE'VE FOUND THE OTHERS, BUT THE PRISONER WAS NOT IN THE PLANE!
HE CAN'T HAVE GONE FAR! FLOOD THIS AREA WITH THE GAS!


THE PRISON GUARDS DON PLASTIC MASKS AS A SPECIALIZED GAS DISPENSER IS BROUGHT INTO PLAY...
THIS SHOULD SLOW HIM DOWN!! HE'LL BE SLEEPING LIKE A BABY WHEN WE CATCH UP WITH HIM!
SSSSSSSSSS

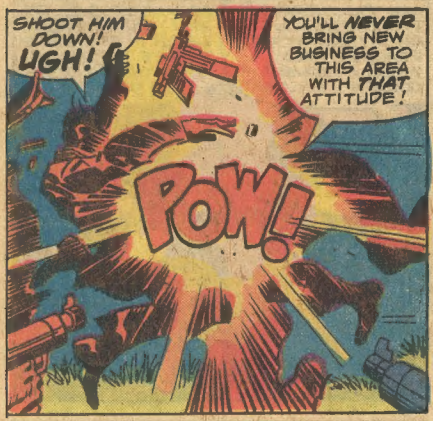
IT IS THEN THAT CAP'S SHIELD STREAKS INTO VIEW AND HEADS UNERRINGLY TOWARD ITS TARGET...
CARAMBA! WHA--!??

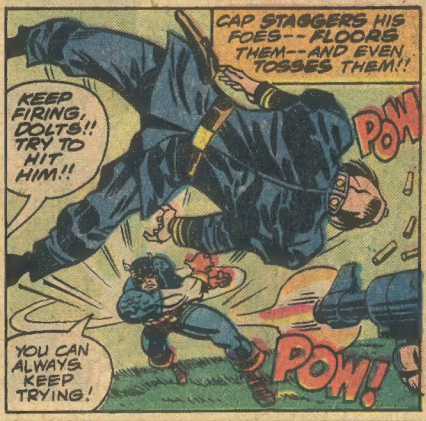

WOMP!


CAP LEAPS FROM COVER AND PRESSES HIS ATTACK!!
YOU FELLAS JUST LOVE TO USE GAS, DON'T YOU?!
HERE'S A SAMPLE OF ANOTHER TYPE OF SLEEPING POTION!
HE STRIKES WITH THE SPEED AND STRENGTH OF A JUNGLE CAT!!!
KLOP!
LOOK OUT!! IT'S THE PRISONER!

AT NO TIME IN THEIR EXPERIENCE HAVE THESE PRISON GUARDS MET SUCH OPPOSITION!! THEIR QUARRY GIVES THEM LITTLE TIME TO THINK OR SHOOT! THEY SIMPLY FALL PREY TO HIS STEEL FISTS!
I'LL TAKE THIS MASK, MISTER!! THIS JUNGLE'S BEGINNING TO SMELL BAD!!

COOL IT, JUNIOR! PLAYING WITH GUNS IS A DANGEROUS HABIT!!
OOOF!
BAM!
CLOSE IN! DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE!


SHOOT HIM DOWN! UGH!
YOU'LL NEVER BRING NEW BUSINESS TO THIS AREA WITH THAT ATTITUDE!
POW!


CAP STAGGERS HIS FOES--FLOORS THEM--AND EVEN TOSSES THEM!!
KEEP FIRING, DOLTS!! TRY TO HIT HIM!!
POW
YOU CAN ALWAYS KEEP TRYING!
POW!

IT IS A SHORT, SAVAGE BATTLE, IN WHICH THE HUNTED HAS DECIMATED THE HUNTERS!
KRASH!
WAM

CAP SEARCHES FOR NEW ATTACKERS... AND FINDS ONE REMAINING FOE...
STAND BACK! DON'T TOUCH ME--OR I'LL SHOOT! I'LL SHOOT!
WELL? ARE YOU A TALKER--OR A SHOOTER?

THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE FEATURES AND MANNER OF THE MAN THAT BRINGS BACK SNATCHES OF WHAT CAP OVERHEARD IN THE PLANE...
I WARN YOU! TAKE ONE MORE STEP AND I'LL--
YOU CAN ONLY BE HECTOR SANTIAGO --THE ONE THEY CALL THE SWINE!

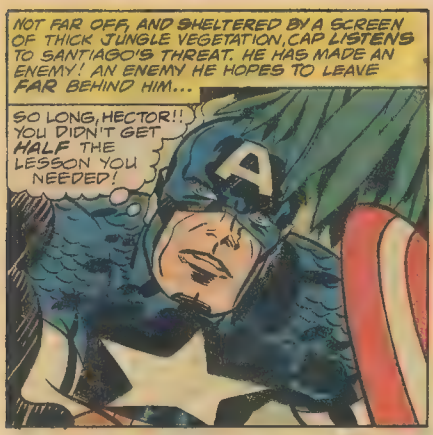
I'VE EXECUTED MEN FOR CALLING ME THAT!! YOU SHALL DIE FOR IT AS WELL!
WAM WAM!

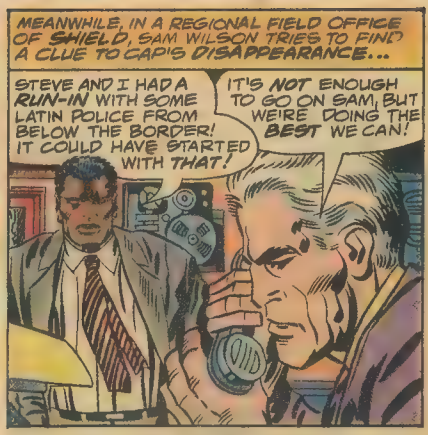
SANTIAGO'S BULLETS MEET ONLY CAP'S RESISTANT SHIELD! A MOMENT AFTER CAP CHARGES, THE FIRING ENDS...
POW POW POW!!
THAT'S ALL THE SHOOTING YOU'RE GOING TO DO, MISTER!

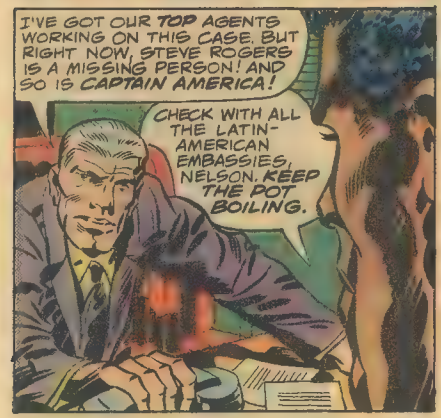
SUDDENLY, A NEW CONTINGENT OF GUARDS ARRIVES ON THE SCENE...
YOU HEARD THOSE SHOTS! HEAD IN THAT DIRECTION!!
LOOK! THERE IN THAT TREE! IT'S

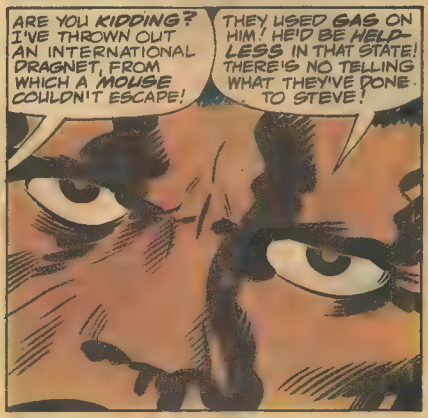
IT'S THE COMANDANTE! HOW COULD THIS HAVE HAPPENED!?
HURRY, MEN!
YES, HURRY, YOU FOOLS!! GET ME OFF THIS CURSED BRANCH!!
A-AT ONCE, SIR!!

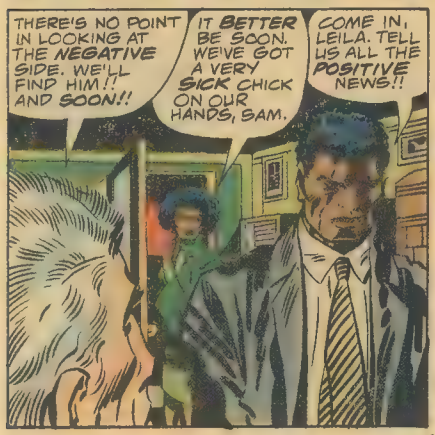
SANTIAGO CANNOT HELP BUT NOTICE THE SUPPRESSED SMILES AMONG THE GUARDS --AND HIS HEART BEGINS TO FILL WITH A DARK RAGE...
DON'T WORRY, COMANDANTE!! WE'LL GET THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS!!
GET ME DOWN, I SAY!! HECTOR SANTIAGO HAS A SCORE TO SETTLE!!


NOT FAR OFF, AND SHELTERED BY A SCREEN OF THICK JUNGLE VEGETATION, CAP LISTENS TO SANTIAGO'S THREAT. HE HAS MADE AN ENEMY! AN ENEMY HE HOPES TO LEAVE FAR BEHIND HIM...
SO LONG, HECTOR!! YOU DIDN'T GET HALF THE LESSON YOU NEEDED!


MEANWHILE, IN A REGIONAL FIELD OFFICE OF SHIELD, SAM WILSON TRIES TO FIND A CLUE TO CAP'S DISAPPEARANCE...
STEVE AND I HAD A RUN-IN WITH SOME LATIN POLICE FROM BELOW THE BORDER! IT COULD HAVE STARTED WITH THAT!
IT'S NOT ENOUGH TO GO ON SAM, BUT WE'RE DOING THE BEST WE CAN!


I'VE GOT OUR TOP AGENTS WORKING ON THIS CASE. BUT RIGHT NOW, STEVE ROGERS IS A MISSING PERSON! AND SO IS CAPTAIN AMERICA!
CHECK WITH ALL THE LATIN-AMERICAN EMBASSIES, NELSON. KEEP THE POT BOILING.


ARE YOU KIDDING? I'VE THROWN OUT AN INTERNATIONAL DRAGNET, FROM WHICH A MOUSE COULDN'T ESCAPE!
THEY USED GAS ON HIM! HE'D BE HELPLESS IN THAT STATE! THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO STEVE!


THERE'S NO POINT IN LOOKING AT THE NEGATIVE SIDE. WE'LL FIND HIM!! AND SOON!!
IT BETTER BE SOON. WE'VE GOT A VERY SICK CHICK ON OUR HANDS, SAM.
COME IN, LEILA. TELL US ALL THE POSITIVE NEWS!!

I-I LEFT SHARON AT THE HOSPITAL. THEY SAY SHE NEEDS A FEW DAYS OF REST, BUT I DON'T THINK THAT WILL HELP MUCH. SHE BLAMES HERSELF FOR STEVE'S PREDICAMENT.
UNTIL STEVE IS FOUND, THIS WILL BUG ALL OF US. THAT'S WHY I JUST CAN'T STAND BY AND WAIT!!
THEN, GO TO WORK... FALCON!! BUT, KEEP IN TOUCH!!

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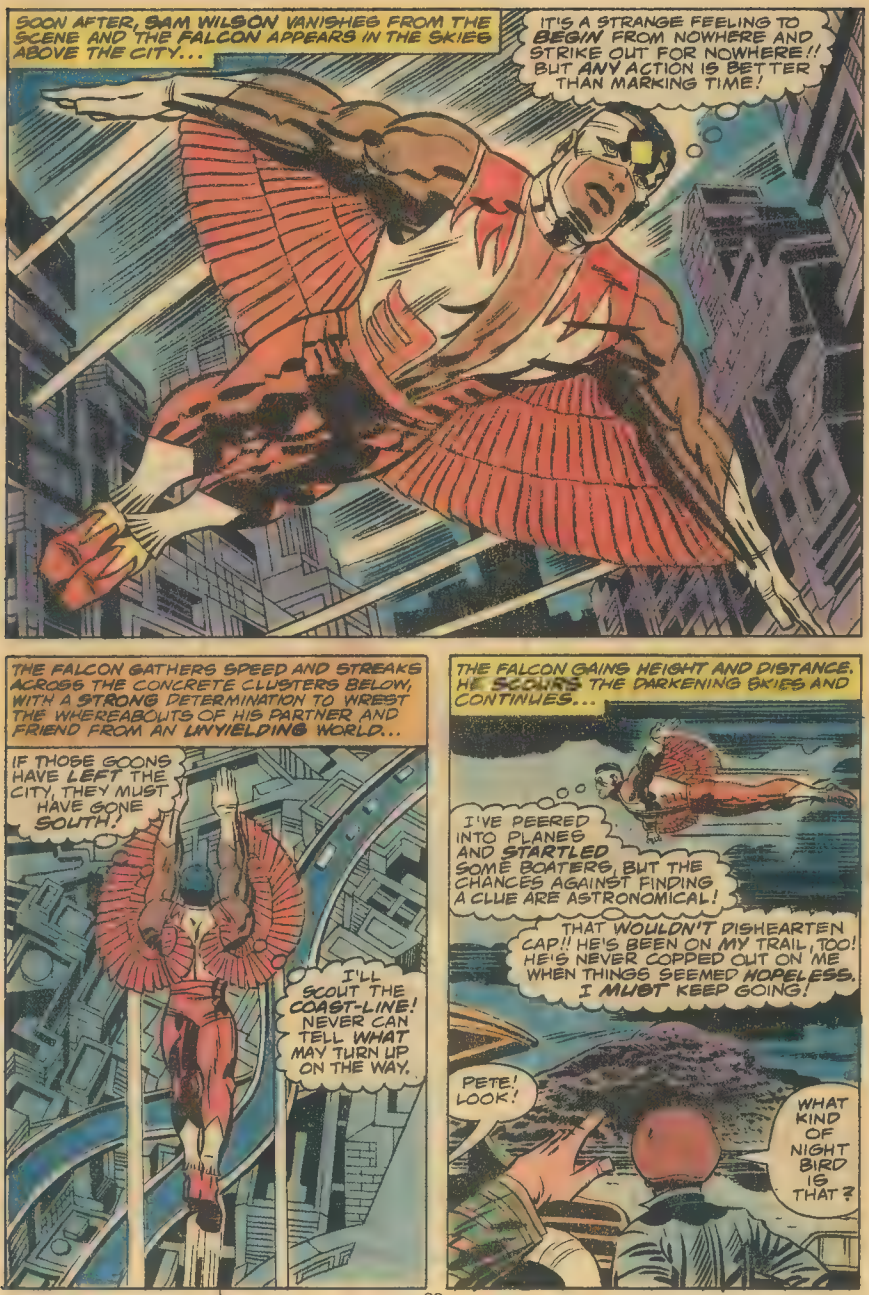
SOON AFTER, SAM WILSON VANISHES FROM THE SCENE AND THE FALCON APPEARS IN THE SKIES ABOVE THE CITY...
IT'S A STRANGE FEELING TO BEGIN FROM NOWHERE AND STRIKE OUT FOR NOWHERE!! BUT ANY ACTION IS BETTER THAN MARKING TIME!
THE FALCON GATHERS SPEED AND STREAKS ACROSS THE CONCRETE CLUSTERS BELOW, WITH A STRONG DETERMINATION TO WREST THE WHEREABOUTS OF HIS PARTNER AND FRIEND FROM AN UNYIELDING WORLD...
IF THOSE GOONS HAVE LEFT THE CITY, THEY MUST HAVE GONE SOUTH!
I'LL SCOUT THE COAST-LINE! NEVER CAN TELL WHAT MAY TURN UP ON THE WAY.
THE FALCON GAINS HEIGHT AND DISTANCE. HE SCOURS THE DARKENING SKIES AND CONTINUES...
I'VE PEERED INTO PLANES AND STARTLED SOME BOATERS, BUT THE CHANCES AGAINST FINDING A CLUE ARE ASTRONOMICAL!
THAT WOULDN'T DISHEARTEN CAP!! HE'S BEEN ON MY TRAIL, TOO! HE'S NEVER COPPED OUT ON ME WHEN THINGS SEEMED HOPELESS. I MUST KEEP GOING!
PETE! LOOK!
WHAT KIND OF NIGHT BIRD IS THAT?

THE ACTUAL REALITY OF THE SITUATION WOULD MAKE THE FALCON GASP. CAP IS ALONE AND DIRECTIONLESS IN A VAST RAIN FOREST WHICH IS A NATURAL PRISON FOR THE CREATURES WHO LIVE WITHIN IT...

I COULD USE A COMPASS RIGHT NOW. WALKING IN CIRCLES IS A HAZARD IN THIS PLACE.

BUT OF ALL THE ANIMAL LIFE IN THE JUNGLE, CAP IS THE MOST DANGEROUS! HE IS A HUMAN TIGER, WITH ONLY ONE OBJECTIVE --TO SURVIVE THIS STRANGE EXPERIENCE...

AS HE STALKS THE TRACKLESS MILES, CAPS MIND ENGAGES ITSELF WITH SIMILAR VISIONS OF THE PAST-- WAR MEMORIES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC JUNGLES SWIM BY IN GRIM REVIEW TO STAVE OFF THE RISING HUNGER IN HIS VITALS...

THEN HE STUMBLES UPON THE WAGON TRACKS IN THE SOFT CARPET OF THE RAIN FOREST. THE PROSPECT OF FOOD BECOMES MORE TANGIBLE...

I'LL HAVE TO CHANCE DISCOVERY. THE DRIVER OF THAT WAGON COULD BE HELPFUL.

CAP REACHES THE WAGON ONLY TO FIND...

BLAST! IT'S A PRISON WORK DETAIL!

LIFT THAT LOG, YOU SULKING DOGS!! ENOUGH OF YOUR WHINING! IT WILL GAIN YOU NOTHING!

MAKE THEM CUT THEIR QUOTA! THE SWINE EXPECTS A GOOD DAY'S WORK!

YOU HEARD THE ORDER! CHOOSE BETWEEN WORK OR A BULLET.

THESE BIRDS COULDN'T HAVE COME HERE WITHOUT FOOD AND WATER.

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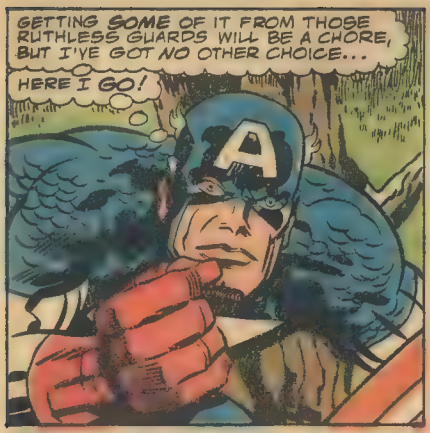
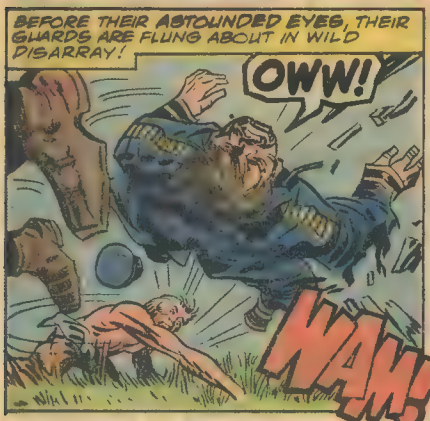
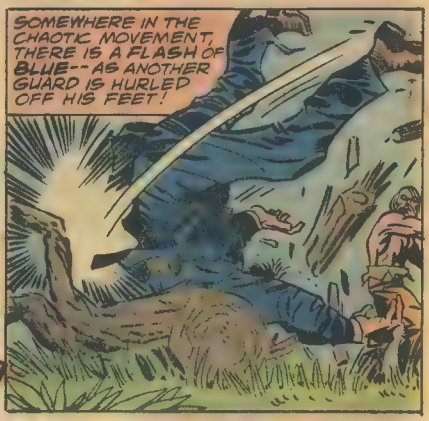

GETTING SOME OF IT FROM THOSE RUTHLESS GUARDS WILL BE A CHORE, BUT I'VE GOT NO OTHER CHOICE...
HERE I GO!

THE INMATES HALT AT THEIR TASKS AS THE SOUNDS OF BATTLE UNEXPECTEDLY EXPLODE IN THEIR MIDST...
KRAK!
POW!
UGHH!
AAA!!


BEFORE THEIR ASTOUNDED EYES, THEIR GUARDS ARE FLUNG ABOUT IN WILD DISARRAY!
OWW!
WAM!


SOMEWHERE IN THE CHAOTIC MOVEMENT, THERE IS A FLASH OF BLUE--AS ANOTHER GUARD IS HURLED OFF HIS FEET!

WHEN THE GUNS BEGIN TO CHATTER, THE INMATES CRINGE IN FEAR, FOR THEY HAVE LIVED WITH THE CONSTANT THREAT OF A GUARD'S BULLET!
I-I CAN'T HIT HIM!! THAT SHIELD OF HIS IS EVERYWHERE!!!
BAM!
BAM!
BAM!

SMASH!

THEN, LIKE A PASSING WHIRLWIND, THE ACTION CEASES. CAP CONFRONTS THE STUNNED INMATES AND FINDS NO SIGNS OF RESISTANCE...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU FELLAS AIM TO DO, BUT I'M GOING TO BORROW SOME SUPPLIES...
CAP GETS NO REPLIES. HE RECEIVES ONLY BLANK STARES FROM FACES DEVOID OF ANY EXPRESSION...
POOR DEVILS! THEY'RE IN SOME KIND OF DAZE. THEY'VE GOT THE CHANCE TO ESCAPE AND WON'T TAKE IT!
T-THEYRE LIKE ZOMBIES! THE LIVING DEAD, WHOSE SPIRITS HAVE FLED! IT SEEMS THAT HECTOR SANTIAGO HAS DONE A REAL JOB ON THESE MEN!
CAP CAN ONLY GUESS AT THE EXTENT OF THE SWINE'S TALENTS. IN A PRISON CELL BLOCK, HE USES THEM WITH MERCILESS EFFECT...
ROLL IN THE STOVE!
THE INMATES OF THE CELL BLOCK GROAN IN DISMAY AS A SIMMERING STOVE IS PUSHED IN AMONG THEM...
A STOVE! IT WILL ADD TO THE SWELTERING HEAT!
W-WE'LL FRY IN HERE!
HOLD YOUR TONGUES!
YOU'VE USED THEM TOO OFTEN, LATELY! NOW, SUFFER FOR IT!!
IF YOU MEAN THAT STORY ABOUT THE SWINE, WE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!
YEAH! WE HEARD IT FROM YOU GUARDS!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

THE HEAT IS STIFLING! I CAN'T BREATHE!
SHUT THESE DOORS! THEY'RE NOT TO BE OPENED UNTIL I GIVE THE ORDER!
TAKE THIS STOVE OUT OF HERE!
NO! NO! WE'LL ROAST! HAVE MERCY!
WE'LL DIE LIKE FLIES!
BUT THERE IS NO MERCY. AS THE METAL DOORS CLANG SHUT, HECTOR SANTIAGO TURNS IN WRATH UPON THE OTHER WRETCHES IN HIS CHARGE...
UHHNNHH--
THIS ONE ISN'T AS TALKATIVE AS HE WAS A FEW HOURS AGO. KEEP HIM UP THERE FOR TEN HOURS MORE!
HE MAY NOT LAST THAT LONG!
PARDON, COMANDANTE! WE CAUGHT THIS MAN SPREADING THE SAME INFAMOUS LIE!!
IS THERE NO END TO THESE KNAVES!?
I--I SAID NOTHING THE GUARDS DIDN'T SAY FIRST!
SUDDENLY...
DONNA MARIA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THESE CELL BLOCKS!?
GIVE IT UP, HECTOR! PUNISHING THE PRISONERS WON'T STOP A GOOD STORY ONCE IT'S PASSED ALONG THE PRISON GRAPEVINE!
EVEN I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED IN THE JUNGLE TODAY! EVEN I KNOW HOW THEY FOUND YOU IN THAT TREE BRANCH!!
YOU'RE JUST A COUSIN! DON'T FORGET THAT, MY DEAR!
BUT YOU WOULDN'T DARE PUNISH ME! NOT A MEMBER OF YOUR OWN FAMILY!
I DON'T FEAR YOU! I'M NOT ONE OF YOUR INMATES!
YOU'LL LEARN TO FEAR!! JUST AS THIS DOG WILL!!
BUT FIRST I MUST PUT AN END TO THESE WILD STORIES!

I'LL PUT AN END TO OUR PROBLEM IN THE JUNGLE! I'M GOING TO BRING HIM IN MYSELF AND MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF HIM BEFORE EVERY MAN IN THIS PRISON!!
OUR WEAPONS WAIT TO SERVE YOU, COMANDANTE! THAT DEFIANT ONE HAS BEEN AT LARGE TOO LONG!!
BRAVO! BRAVO! BRING THIS TIGER IN, IF YOU CAN! I'VE WAITED FOR THIS MOMENT! LET US SEE HOW YOUR SPIRIT FARES IN THIS TEST WITH A REAL MAN, HECTOR!
I HOPE HE BREAKS YOU, SWINE! EACH VICTIM OF YOUR BRUTALITY CRIES OUT FOR VENGEANCE!! IF HE BEATS YOU-- THEN HIS VICTORY SHALL BE OURS!
COMING NEXT!!
A JUNGLE DUEL OF EPIC PROPORTIONS!
CAP AT HIS BEST-- THE SWINE AT HIS WORST!
DON'T MISS A PAGE OF--
RIVER OF DEATH!

Dear Jack, Frank, and the Bullpen,

After many long letters requesting her presence and almost a year of waiting, we are finally privileged to see Sharon Carter within these pages. Quite frankly, I am surprised at how well that scene came off. Not only did Jack remember the sub-plot wherein Sharon dislikes Steve's activities as Cap, but he handled it quite well. Hopefully, this will not be the last time that we will see her. Jack should involve her every month, and we should see some progress along this storyline as Sharon and Cap come to face their difficulties. The only answer that I can see right off is a split-up for them, which would suit me fine. It also brings me to my next point.

Cap is in danger of stagnating. Playing super-secret agent will not be the answer. Look at it this way. Steve Rogers is currently unemployed, has no home and no connections with any other people besides his partnership with Falc, a distant relationship to Leila, and his relationship with Sharon, which is on the rocks. He cannot live forever running around the world doing SHIELD's bidding. Remember when Cap first got himself thawed out of that over-sized ice cube? He found it difficult to cope with this new world. He lost himself in constant adventure with the Avengers. But slowly he started to open his eyes, and started to build himself a life in this world and time. The dramatic Nomad/Secret Empire stories were the last of his soul-searching and questioning periods. He is today's most together super-hero. So why is he once again losing himself in constant battle? This is the wrong period in Cap's life for such. He must move on and build himself a new life.

I am urging a total break with the past and the building of a new future. Let him split from Sharon. Introduce a new romantic interest. And finally, change the title of your letter column.

Larry Twiss
227 Fox Run
King of Prussia, PA 19406

Dear People,

The problem, put simply, is that Jack Kirby is scripting 1963 comics. His art is just fine. There's nothing wrong with his plots. It's just his scripting. Oh, he has other problems, but if something could be done about his scripting, I'd be content.

So why is Kirby a law unto himself? Why ignore the last six years of Cap's life? Why sacrifice logic and realism in the name of action? Why?

Brian Nelson
4213 Great Oak Road
Rockville, MD 20853

Dear Jack and colliorts,

I've had it with this drivel comeahing the King's writing abilities! Nobody at Marvel, not even Stan himself, has scripted so totally in consistency with Kirby art as Jack has!

As to Cap's adventures, I don't need to hear any more about Jack's return being inappropriate! Look, I loved Englehart's work on AVENGERS and DOCTOR STRANGE, but his CAPTAIN AMERICA issues did not work! It's great to see the shield-slinger back in the groove that is definitely his own, and not Captain Easy Rider or Captain Relevance snoring through another psyche-rending identity crisis.

Three cheers for, and long live, the King!

Chester Crill
1633 East Woodbury Road
Pasadena, CA 91104

Thank you, Chester!

Ahem! Now what were you saying, Brian?

It seems that, as with the Sharon Carter debate, the Kirby question is forever being answered in different ways. Obviously, we'd have to agree that we think Jack is doing a great job—because if he wasn't, we wouldn't be publishing it.

But, as they say in the lettercol biz, variety is the spice of life. We welcome all opinions—especially intelligent critical letters—for without them, reading this page would probably be as much fun as reading the Yellow Pages!

Dear Bullpen,

Captain America and the Falcon mix like oil and water; they're both great super-heroes, but since they're both equal, it would be better to give them each their own mag and bring back Bucky as Cap's sidekick.

Before you die laughing, let me add that I'm fully aware that Bucky's dead. Perhaps Mr. Buda could send Cap back through time to save Bucky, or Doc Doom's time machine could serve the same purpose. It doesn't really matter how you do it.

Bruce Barrows
1 Fifth Street
Danbury, CT 06810

Sorry, Bruce, but we have to report that your time travel suggestion has already been tried by Cap—way back in AVENGERS #64 in a little soul-searching saga titled "Death Be Not Proud"—and it failed. Bucky remained dead, and the paradoxes caused by Cap's and the Avengers' trip led to even greater troubles, as was shown in AVENGERS ANNUAL #3!

Who says this isn't the Marvel Age of Research?

Dear Jack,

Whattsamattah? Can't you draw birds?

Eric Sandberg, Vice President
Redwing Fan Club
6820 Dalzell Place
Pittsburgh, PA 15217

To which we politely reply:

Oh yeah!?

As we've said before, Jack will be bringing back Redwing at a future date—and as to exactly *how*, we can't say. Just keep watching, Eric, and tell all the other members of the club to hang in there!

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION
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(signed) Ed Shukin—Business Manager

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(signed) Ed Shukin—Business Manager

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